

THE
LOYAL POET.
OFFERING GOOD AND WHOLESOME ADVICE

TO HIS
M - - - - Y,
IN OPPOSITION TO THE COUNTENANCE
OF A
Q - - - N,
AND INFLUENCE OF
A
M - - - - - R.

By SIR SOLOMON GUNDY,
L.L.D. F.R.S. F.A.S. R.A. & M.P. *R*

AND

AUTHOR OF AN ODE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMICIANS FOR THE YEAR 1792, &c.

In former times, 'tis found, a general rule
Each *King*, to laugh at, kept at Court his *Fool*,
But our wise M - - - - h has revers'd this whim,
And fills his Court with *Fools* to laugh at *HIM*.

ANON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS,
No. 20, PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

M.DCC.XCII.

LOYALTY

OFFERING GOOD AND WHOLESOME SERVICE

M. Y.

IN OPPOSITION TO THE COUNTER-REFORMATION



NUMBER OF 17 ONE TO THE RIGHT OF THE LINE 1700. 1700.

In former times, the land was a common field, and the people were free to hunt and fish as they pleased. But now the land is divided into small plots, and the people are forced to pay for the privilege of using it. This is the result of the Counter-Reformation, which has sought to restore the old order of things, and to bring back the power of the Church and the nobles.

And

PRINTED FOR H. D. STONOR
NO. 1, WATER-LOO STREET, LONDON.
1840.

THE
LOYAL POET, &c.

HAD I my Sovereign's hand to raise my name,
To that exalted pinnacle of fame,

Where perch'd sits Laureat Pye!

My grateful muse the natal day would sing
Unbrib'd by Butts of Sack, of George her King,
And *praise* without one *lie*.

No *babbling* Zephirs should his deeds rehearse,

No *Suns ecstatic caper* thro' my verse;

I'd glory to relate

The various *worthy* actions he had done,

Down to the present time from ninety-one;

In business of state!

I'd

I'd introduce unto my Sovereign's view,

A sight he never *saw* and never *knew*,

What could not fail to charm!

O how enraptur'd would his passions be,

O how *her* Majesty would *blush* to see

Truth's *naked* virgin form.

The *ladies*, (*Maids*) of honor with surprise,

Would trim their screwing lips, and gaping eyes,

And formally complain

To Sal'sbury, who trusting their report,

Would swear the *Nymph* was too *undrest* for Court,

Then turn her out *again*!!

Indeed your M——y is much too mild;

You let these *Creatures* treat you like a child;

If such a case were mine!

I'd kick the noblest chamberlain from state ;

And break his lily wand about his pate ;

Or *force* him to *resign*.

'Tis to *their interest*, to swear that Truth

Is an old haggard *b---h*, of shape uncouth,

Left *you* should form connexion

With the sweet maid, and they of course should lose,

For treating such an angel with abuse,

Your confident protection!

By heaven, I'd give the noblest Lord dismissal,

Nor deign to ask the minister's permission ;

But cry " vile knaves begone !"

" Let *Ministers* surround themselves with fools,

" And swear and bully 'mong their party tools ;

" *Damn* it I'll not be one."

Indeed

Indeed your Majesty might *justly swear*,
 If you could feel the wond'rous weight you bear
 Of their begotten shame :

There's scarce a fault these courtiers dare commit,
 From the imperious *Schwellenberg* to *Pitt*,

But you support the blame.

'Tis you must answer for all errors done,
 Ev'n from the *humble Kitchen* to the *Throne* :

A vile ungenerous thing!
 Has any *faultless* servant lost his place!
 Is any knave secreted from disgrace,
 Who did it? 'Twas the K---g!

As for example---Late in Grenville's cafe,
 When a young Premier told you to your face,
 In language rather plain,

If you refus'd to grace his cousin dear,
 With the immediate title of a peer,

He'd never act again!

Whilst you declar'd you never would comply,
 To place o'er Thurlow's actions such a *spy*

And *gratefully* refus'd

To grant his claim---for which, tho' clearly seen

'Twas given at last, to pacify the Q---n,

You stand alone accus'd.

Such *partial* censure *Justice* can't abide,

Let *those* who claim the *praise* the *shame* divide,

Nor fix it all on *One*.

If *Queens* will meddle with *affairs* of *state*,

They must *expect* the *censures* that await

Such business ill done.

Heaven knows I love my King, and with delight
 Would give my life to vindicate his right,
 And hold him on his throne ;
 But when he calmly gives this power away,
 And to *Intruders* yields *imperial sway*,
 My loyalty is gone.

Two fovereigns on *One* throne will never do,
 We cannot^s ferve both God and *Mammon* too;
 No longer then submit
 To yield beyond a plain domestic scene,
 To the monarchial reasoning of a Q—n,
 Or tyranny of P—tt.

I know your Majesty's *officious crew*,
 Will think it paying a compliment to you
 To *persecute* my *Muse*,

To

To point a *Libel* out in every strain,
 And swear her full as boisterous as Paine,
 In libellous abuse.

As Paine, who, Satan like, with envy curst,
 Would every tie of social compact burst;
 That man might freely stray,
 To catch his *selfish rights* from *rights* of brutes,
 And claim, by force, whate'er his fancy suits,
 Or strength can bear away.

Sic volo, Iubeo—then Tom Paine might sing,
 For then the *greatest Rascal* would be king.

Your Majesty, I know, feels much distress,
 At any rude *encroachments* on the press,
 Which makes me much inclin'd

To

To think, you'll tell Macdonald he's misled,
 Should that *Attorney* take it in his head,
 To treat my Muse *unkind*.

For tho' 'tis judg'd against the law to DANCE
 (A *tyranny*, that ne'er was known in *France*
 When *kings* were there admir'd)
 Yet sure no Magistrate could so abuse
 His power to persecute an harmless Muse,
 With *loyalty* inspir'd.

A Muse, that takes her sovereign's wrongs to heart,
 And, boldly, hence, resolves to take his part
 Against his host of *Friends*,
 To cool their zeal that counsels to disgrace,
 And wrest his *Fame* fast tottering from their praise,
 That damns whilst it condemns!

I know my generous efforts for your sake,

Will every curse of jealousy awake

In all the fawning court!

Who'll try to over-rule your kind regard;

And damp your spirit panting to reward,

But trust not their report.

First L——e ever forward to resent

Presum'd affronts, and injuries never meant,

Will rack his fractious brain,

To labor out some actionable cause,

To fright me with the rigor of the laws,

Then bribe me off again.

Or R——d Quixotte of the House of Lords,

That fights with speeches, and that wounds with words,

Great MORTAR of dull threats,

D

Which

Which rage directs

To fly about, and make th' opponents stare;

But form'd to burst and vanish in the air!

Yet, how can pistols such a soul appall!

How souls so great retreat from arms so small;

That with heroic rage,

High panting to engage,

With bellowing cannon sweep th' embattled plain;

Nor mourn the herbs and flowers untimely slain.

Ten thousand insects oft unpitied yield

Their maimed bodies in the slaughter'd field,

Before his passions slack;

Then who abroad could suffer such to roam,

That might afford such benefit at home,

In case of an attack.

Most

Most loyal P—r that never blush'd to say

He didn't care a d--mn for that *Great Day*,

Which gave his *Sovereign birth*;

Great soul that trembled at the *fair* report

Of *Debbieg*, harass'd by our *partial* court,

To *grace* some *foreign* earth.

Such are the *lamps* that glimmer round the throne,

Lamps which your *royal patent* has made known,

And gain'd them *public* fame!

Lamps which, till *then*, no single credit bore;

Lamps which would never be *encourag'd* more,

Denied your *fost'ring* NAME!

Such are the *Men* who'd damn this ode of mine,

And to the *Laureat's* stupidly incline;

But sure your sovereign taste,

Must own of *Laureat's trash* you've heard enough,
 But never sure such execrable stuff,
 As *Birth-Day Ode* the last.

Parsons, I pity much your mispent time,
 To harmonize such *unharmonious rhyme*,
 Must be a torture sad ;
 Indeed, your Majesty as well as me,
 If you have ever read it, will agree,
 'Tis all infernal bad.

But if your *Friends* are *brib'd* to keep the man,
 For your sake, I'll improve him if I can.

TO
H. J. P Y E, ESQUIRE,
POET-LAUREAT.

HOW dare you, Sir, attempt to sing
The *Birth-Day* of Great George our King?
And make so *blest* a *Morning* rise
With *horrid blasts* and *screamig skies* !
A DAY, which *always must* be *fair*,
With *laughing looks* and *temperate air*.

A DAY, which *nature* for *his sake*
Does of her *best materials* make
A DAY, on which, arise what will,
Nothing by *Nature* is *meant ill*.
Yet all these *Honors* you must *curse*,
With *capering words*, and *trotting verse*,

E

And

And sing of *waves* and *craggy shores* ;
 Of *battling blasts*---and *fullen roars* ;
 Of *ruin'd castles*, *winnowing sails*,
 Driving *loose chaff* before *slow gales* ;
 And as those *sails* that *winds* can sweep
 Like *chaff*, a *navy* o'er the *deep* ;
 Or *gently lift* up *summer seas*
 By *one harmless halcyon breeze*,
 Till all the *COAST* looks *DOWN* with *dauntless face*,
 To *see* the *tempest* wash her *white rock's base*!!

(Which means, in fewer words to be express'd,
 That *England* chuckles at all *France* *distrest*.)
 And now beyond this *Chaos scene*
Britannia looks with air *SERENE*,
 (Like an *unfeeling thoughtless beast*,
 Forgetful of her *troubled East*)

And

And swears, her *only* care's to free
 Afric's black sons from slavery!!
 And then your Muse flies back once more
 To Liberty's congenial shore;
 And tells us how its *strong-built* towers
 Oft stood against the rebel powers
 Of *Tyranny's* and *Faction's* mace,
 That tried to crack its solid base;
 Alledging then the reason why
 The *clinging* stones *disdain'd* to fly,
 Because, they all were join'd by *Mortar*,
 Mix'd up with *Patriot* blood for *water*.

Thus does the Laureat Muse the *Birth-Day* sing,
 Nor deigns to say *One word* about the *King*.
 "Not say *one word*," returns the Laureat Pye,
 I'll tell you what, "Sir Solomon, you lie."

"Have

" Have I not sung?---as how I would not sing
 " In *trifling* verse the *Birth-Day* of my *King*?
 " Have I not said? my candid Muse disdains
 " To steep her smoothing lays in Flattery's strains;
 " And said, that Commerce, with her *swelling* tide,
 " Should *overflow* his breast with virtuous pride?
 " Did I not say, that *power* with truth combin'd
 " Would give their help to dignify his mind.
 " And *if* he *was* a *Patriot* King he'd prove
 " The greatest of all joys---a *People's Love*?
 " How could you then expect my Muse to sing
 " *More* than could ever happen to this King?"

Good Laureat, if from talking you'll refrain,
 I'll promise ne'er to mention thee again;
 I'll own your *verse* is good---your *Genius* smart,
 And *ev'ry* thought the dictate of your heart;

Yes of your *heart*---since not a word is said
 That could be judg'd resulting from a HEAD.
 Still, whilst I read your Ode, I must confess
 I feel a wonder I can scarce *express*:
 Yet 'tis not those dull metaphors which rise,
 And stupify your verse, that cause surprise;
 'Tis not your foggy Genius I admire;
 Nor cold expressions that would damp all fire.
 If for my cause of wonder you shall call,
 'Tis at your *Impudence* to write at all.

Thus, with your leave, by *Physic* of this sort,
 I'd try to *purge* your overloaded court,
 By *trash* and *filth* confin'd;
 Which, if neglected, will too sure create,
 In these *hot* times a *fever* in the *state*,
 Of the most dangerous kind!

Is there *One* common Genius near the throne?

Do you not, Sire, in *merit fit* alone,

Save Hawkebury and Pitt,

Whose merit I'll admit,

To your unhappy set some credit lends,

Who stand like *Pine-trees* midst their *weedy* friends!

I own, that *Grenville's* loyalty is great,

Nay is so very *bigotted* to *state*,

He'd *manage every place*;

Dundas and *Rose*, a very *worthy* pair;

Worthy of all that's said of them I'd swear,

If 'tis to their disgrace.

But how your Majesty could part with Leeds!

A Duke so fam'd for *literary* deeds!

Perhaps you did not know it:

His Grace *corrects*, sometimes, *Miles Andrews' plays*;
 In *prologues* too his *natural* sense betrays,
 Which constitutes a poet.

And much I wonder that the *Laureat's* place,
 When *vacated*, wer'nt offer'd to his *Grace!!*

Tho' such *weak* men *important* stations fill;
 I know 'tis much against your *sovereign* will;

But what can *one* man do?
 When all his seeming friends and servants join
 To frustrate, like *strait waistcoats* on his mind
 Each honest generous view.

And why are rude dissensions daily spread?
 Because the *BODY* *dictates* to the *head*,
 Where *Bodies* should obey!

Because

Because, tyrannic Interest waves her hand,
That shakes the very *charters* of the land,
And threats monarchial sway!

Rebellious fears had died away with Paine,
But your *own* servants bade them *live again*,
With far more threat'ning sway;
And in your name spread terrors thro' the state,
Which *idle Proclamations* must create;
But *ne'er* can *fright* away.

If you presume such conduct is approv'd,
Because the *Counties* warm addressee mov'd;
Sire you may be mistaken;
Just previous to King Charles's martyr'd fall
Addressee loyal, greeted him from all
By whom he was forsaken!!

To

To check such dangerous faults you need not roam
Beyond the *lurking* places of your *home* ;

There aim th' *effectual* blow ;

Kings may affect to smile on *Rights of Man* ;

The Rights of *WOMAN Mankind* never *can*,

Nor ever *will* allow !!

A King, belov'd as you are, should disdain

T'address his subjects in so mean a strain,

Rouzing that fiend *Mistrust* ;

Guarding with jealous leer against surprize,

Heedful with captious ears, and active eyes,

To make *itself* most *curst*.

If *Palaces* were *Honesty's* resort,

How could a *Thurlow* be disgrac'd at Court ?

From what ill-counsell'd plan,

G

Could

Could that *Man* fall whom you *esteem'd* so well?

Your *Majesty*, *I* fear, could never tell,

Perhaps his Lordship can :

T O

LORD THURLOW.

WHAT hast thou done, my Lord, to affront a Q---n?

That P--tt should persecute thee with such spleen?

Or what sad truth hast whisper'd in his ear,

To make a Sovereign Lady interfere?

Is it, that they with sanguine hopes elate,

In *foul reversions* to bequeath the state

To all subservient hirelings of their will,

Which you oppos'd, and they have taken ill?

Is it, because, a much more likely thing,

You strive to bless the *People* with your *King*,

Nor

Nor deign to load your service all on *One*,
 And on a nation's *slavery* build his *throne*?
 In short, my Lord, I'm such an ignorant elf,
 I'd rather hear the story from yourself:

L O R D T H U R L O W ' s A N S W E R .

D---mn'd be the canker'd leer, th' ambiguous smile,
 And all the pageantry of courtly guile!
 D---mn'd all officious meddlers of state,
 The upstart *statesman*, *impotently* great;
 The *new-fledg'd* orator---the *ignorant peer*,
 And all the knaveries which to state adhere;
 Was it for this, that fourteen years or more,
 The seals unblemish'd, as receiv'd, I bore?
 Was it for this---ingratitude innate---
 I taught the boy his *alphabet of state*!

Nay

Nay in his very *swaddling cloaths* of *power*,
Clean'd what his *weakness* dirtied *ev'ry hour*?
 Was it for this I told the candid truth,
 With hopes to check th' ambition of his youth?
 And ev'n, that *partial Patronage* procur'd,
 By *which* alone his *Influence* is secured;
 But let him chuckle at his Master gone,
 And like *weak youth* exult to reign *alone*;
 Let him rejoice that *I'm* expell'd away,
 The hated *check* to inconsiderate fway!
 Let him, with R--e, ungrateful as himself,
 (Who'd *quit* all things on *Earth* or *Heaven* for *Pelf*)
 Practise new schemes to lull each fresh alarm,
 Or by *Finance* decrease th' approaching storm;
 Let him, with all dispatch his time affords,
Brighten the RUSTY Genius of his Lords,

Which, Heav'n be prais'd, from efforts of my own,
 Yet never had occasion to be shewn;
 Still *Stafford's* interest shall with *Richmond* join;
 And all their force co-operate with mine;
 Still will we make 'em tremble for their ears,
 And spight of heavy *Grenville* shake the peers;
 Make *Hawkesbury* fly for shelter to the throne;
 And fright the Q---n to leave the state alone!!

'Tis not to *state-abuses* you're confin'd,
 I mean, *unjustly* blam'd for by mankind;

This Freedom you'll excuse:
 For ev'n the *royal Artists*, whom your name,
 Instead of honor, elevates to shame,
 Your patronage abuse.

H

When

When less encourag'd, they reliev'd distress,
 But grow more callous as their wants grow less,
 And *partially* employ
 The *sums* which *every* Artist helps to clear,
 Which *charter'd* Artists gave up every year,
 That widows might enjoy ! *
 Unless, what's urg'd in *their* defence, is true,
 That all the Surplus Money goes to YOU.

* It was the *Custom*, before the Royal Academy was established, to allot the Surplus of the Exhibition Money to the relief of the Widows of deceas'd Artists. It was also the *Custom* in Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Administration* to invite *all* the Exhibitors to a dinner, which *favor* was paid for out of the money collected by *all* their Labors—but on the death of Sir Joshua and *Rise* of Mr. West, such customs are *overlooked*, and the Dinner is now confin'd to a select few—

————— *New Customs*

Though they be never so *ridiculous*,
 Nay let 'em be *unmanly*—yet are follow'd!

KING HENRY EIGHTH.

But

But that, I'm sure, can never be the case;

Indeed, I told an Artist to his face,

"It could be no such thing."

To which, said he "'tis strange that no one knows,

"Where this *large annual-gather'd* surplus goes

"If *not* unto the *King*."

"When first he patroniz'd us, it is true,

"The *money* then *collected* would not do

"To clear each fit expence;

"And we, in order to secrete from shame,

"And *prop* the *credit* of his *royal name*,

"Did *borrow* a *few pence*.

"Still, in *One* year they clear'd enough, he knew,

"To've paid all *borrow'd sums* with *Interest* too."

Your Majesty must be assur'd I feel
 A wish to check those evils I reveal,
 As far as I am able;
 And willing now no longer to intrude,
 My efforts for your benefit conclude,
 By a true loyal Fable.

THE

WOLF AND THE MASTIFF.

A FABLE.

PART THE FIRST.

A MASTIFF, noblest of the canine race!
 Blest with a passive show of social grace!
 Stately obedient, active tho' confin'd,
 In conduct gentle, spirited in mind;
 Staunch to the Lord his earliest sense allow'd,
 He serv'd with honor where his duty bow'd.
 Bred to obey, submission gave no pain,
 And self-contentment loos'd the slavish chain!

I

Blest

Blest in himself, he felt no wish to roam,
 To bring *rebellious innovations* home.
 Subordination fix'd his joys *secure* ;
Freedom might promise more but none so *sure*.
 Pleas'd tho' confin'd, nor happier hop'd to be,
 Was he to break his chain, and wander free.

A ruthless Wolf, of mean inferior birth,
 A beast, most hated, of all beasts on earth !
 In cunning dangerous---infamous in mind ;
 Faithless to every creature of its kind ;
 In danger fearful---cruel in success ;
 Of rapine greedy---wanton in distress ;
 Careless of right---but *free* and *unconfin'd* ;
 No Lord to govern, and no laws to bind.

Banish'd

Banish'd his native home with strong disgrace,
 Abroad he fled to propagate his race;
 To lead with treacherous tenets beasts astray,
 And lure thro' freedom to despotic sway;
 Captious at laws, preventing general ill,
 Checking the self-taught anarchy of will;
 Jealous of order---heedless of disgrace,
 And a sworn foe to every social race.

Bred to such principles, he long'd to see
 All other creatures like himself made free.

Skulking along for food, he pass'd the yard,
 Where the staunch mastiff held his nightly guard:
 He stopp'd to gaze, and while he gaz'd, admir'd
 A life from want, from danger so retir'd;

And

And, while with envious scrutiny survey'd,
 A dissatisfaction at his own betray'd.
 Hopeless to taste the happiness there shewn,
 Panting to make the Mastiff scorn his own ;
 Back to his former principles he ran,
 And thus his specious argument began :

“ How can a beast, the noblest of its kind,
 “ By tyrant laws submit to be confin'd ?
 “ Why to such narrow limits bound his fame,
 “ And with his race beget a living shame ?
 “ Free, unrestrain'd, I pace the lawn or wood,
 “ And take from Nature's hand my daily food,
 “ Art thou not form'd to keep thyself alone ?
 “ And has not Heaven allotted each his own ?
 “ Why then, by labor that subsistence gain,
 “ Which, as your natural right you should maintain ?

"Why, patient of abuse, thus calmly see

"All other creatures of your race pass free?"

"Was't not by Nature's charters first design'd,

"That every species should range unconfin'd?"

"Do we not feel from strong instinctive powers,

"The privilege of liberty is ours?"

"And tho' rude tyrants may obedience win,

"We feel the sense of freedom still within?"

"In every class of government we find

"The greatest part to liberty inclin'd:

"That is, they feel it as their right of course,

"But fear to vindicate their claim by force;

"But you, by Nature fitted to command,

"Or even to govern with tyrannic hand,

"Should scorn the Slav'ry which you thus betray,

"Which only *Knaves encourage*---*Fools obey*,

K

"Rouze

"Rouze your dull spirit--claim your Natural Right,
 "And catch the Freedom offer'd you to-night."

"Sir," said the Mastiff, "when I break the chain,
 "Which borne with patience never can give pain;
 "When that free life's assum'd, you place in view,
 "And rights are fought for which I never knew;
 "When all my *certain* blessings I destroy
 "In the *vague* search of more *presumptive* joy.
 "If then, by your false arguments betray'd,
 "I curse too late the hapless choice I've made.
 "Dreading to prosecute the life began,
 "Or court again the Lord from whom I ran,
 "What's the result?---but *self-destructive* hate,
 "The curse, *weak* *Revolutions* must create!"

The

The Wolf replied, " The meanest coward dares
 " Scorn the anticipation of such fears ;
 " To live in timorous dread of coming fate
 " Must damn the pleasures of our present state !
 " Who, by comparifon, fupports his ills,
 " Must bear unpitied what his fortune wills ;
 " Hence you would not remove your present curfe,
 " Left by the change you fhould incur a worfe !"

This argument the Maffiff thus remov'd :

" The ftate I now exift in is approv'd.
 " If I'm content---the blifs of life is hit,
 " And in that cafe, 'tis *freedom to fubmit* ;
 " All Monarchy or Freedom are but words,
 " We prize each moft, as moft the blifs affords ;
 " And if I'm bleft 'tis no concern to me,
 " Whether by regal Government or free."

The Wolf replied---“ I must maintain it still,
 “ You draw your argument from dread of ill;
 “ Long us’d to sufferance you submit to bear,
 “ And wish, but tremble, to resist the care.
 “ ’Tis not, because compar’d with all the rest,
 “ You seem to like this government the best;
 “ From selfish principle you act alone,
 “ Resolv’d to hate all systems but your own,
 “ At least, you thus your arguments disguise,
 “ Lest your true faith attract your master’s eyes.
 “ Like me, your ancestors with freedom rang’d,
 “ Till courtly lures their natural rights estrang’d,
 “ Evils, ’tis true, their former system bore,
 “ But sure this last adopted threaten’d more.
 “ At first, their Lord conceal’d the tyrant’s sway,
 “ And by obedience won you to obey;

“ Himself

- " Himself observ'd the general right of laws,
 " And feign'd attachment, stole you to his cause ;
 " Dreading the honest temper for your right,
 " He only *patted* to prevent the bite.
 " Till cheated thus, improvident of ill,
 " He fawn'd you into study of his will.
 " The *collar'd yoke* he coax'd you then to wear,
 " Which blinded faith prevail'd on you to bear:
 " Form'd on the plea, that you might *freely* roam,
 " And these *insignia* but point out your home.
 " The *Muzzle* next he tempted you to take ;
 " Then first your *Natural Rights* began to quake ;
 " 'Twas then you should have nobly turn'd and bit,
 " And shewn a spirit scorning to submit.
 " For yet the means were left you to reclaim,
 " Or save by flight the Lord's tyrannic aim ;

L

" But

" But still your temper patient sufferance wore,
 " Till every new encroachment led to more,
 " Till from that *Collar* form'd to keep you free,
 " Hung the strong chain against your Liberty!
 " Then, conscious of your *injur'd rights*, you strove
 " The cheat by feeble efforts to remove;
 " Till every weak attempt was useless found,
 " You laid you down and *lick'd* the *flavish* ground;
 " Forc'd to obey, with *policy* you bend;
 " And *justify* the *LIFE* you *dar'nt* amend."

4 OC 58

END OF THE FIRST PART.